

Tuesday

Dear Stu,

I dare say that you accomplished a prime objective and what's more it feels damn good to have a brush in my hand again. Today I started a dry brush of a scene out in the back yard - looking at the neighbors house I got the drawing ~~it~~ done and the painting started and I worked until the light was too dim to go on. But tonight the forecast is for rain and so it looks like I'm going to have to find something inside to work on so I can work according to the whims of nature.

I honestly think that I'm in the wrong business; I should be a rain maker or forecaster because my system never fails. It's times like these where I can see the virtues of being patient.

Today it was warm and there was a hint of spring in the air which is probably responsible for my wanting to paint. I come to life in warm weather and am torpid in cold.

(Several Days later)

I finished a very free drybrush of a bucket on Mrs McCordell's back porch and though it isn't impressive, it does have some nice things in it.

Last night I went to Old Swedes church for rehearsal and since I had arrived early decided to walk around the grave yard and cogitate on the sphinx etc. It was very moody. I saw one very old looking stone in good condition as far as the carving is concerned. It was covered with ivy and sunk into the ground

I scraped the stuff away and found the date 1736!
The oldest I'd seen. On raising my head I caught
a glimpse of another stone, its inscription barely legible.
It was the grave of poor Alexander Wilson. That
was food for thought. It was kind of sad to see
the inscriptions slowly disappearing because I think
he was a very great man.

The rehearsal was a good one, the right players
being there and after a strenuous evening of chamber
music I came home quite fatigued.

Stuart, I want write the Phillippa sympathy
card but I don't know their address. Do you have it?
I'm going to fake it if you can't because I know
they live on Sunset Terrace. Oh! I forgot to tell you
that one of the mothers of Mrs. McCadell's pupils is
the aunt of the boy who was driving the car in that
accident. Isn't it a small world?!

Well, brother, with your permission I shall withdraw
as I have nothing else to communicate. I remain

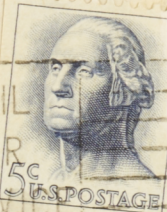
Your Obed't Servant
Scottie

P.S. I just put on Händel's Water music and
Fireworks Music — ooh ah!

Mrs. Mary M. Johnson,
114 11 on 5th
Rochester, Minnesota



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Mr. Stuart H. Gentling

P.O. Box 1110

31- McAlister Drive,

Louisiana University,

New Orleans

Louisiana